EDITED AND PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY,
BY EDWIN R. SELBY.
Ravenna, Portage County, Ohio.

Terms.

TWO DOLLARS per annum, in advance.
TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS in six months
THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year.

ADVERTISING: *as agreed on by the publisher of the papers in the County of Portage, January 1st* 1836

For the first three insertions, one square *one dollar*—each additional insertion *twenty five cents.* For one square, per annum, *ten dollars.* For one-fourth of a column, *fifteen dollars.* For half column, *twenty dollars*—For one column, *thirty dollars.*

Poetry.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE POET'S SONG.

The babbling brook, the zephyr's sigh,
The flower just opened to the sky,
The blushing morn, its mellow light,
Soft twilight wasting on the night
The evening's calm, its quiet close,
When from his toil the labourer goes.

The falling leaf, the voiceless glade
The song departed, and the shade,
The gathered flower, its snowy tomb,
Its transient life and early doom,
The whitened locks and silent tears
Of winter on the tread of years.

The lightning's flash, the frowning cloud,
The thunder tramping deep and loud,
Old Ocean surging to the shore,
The angry tempest sweeping o'er,
The darken'd east, the glowing west,
The lulling of the winds to rest.

The heights above, the depths beneath,
The hawthorn green and barren heath,
The vallies light, the mountains shade,
The cataract's fall, the soft cascade,
Earth, air, the stream that gurgles by,
The gems of night upon the sky.

The joys of home, its cheerful hearth,
Where better nature hath its birth,
A mother's love, the voice of prayer,
From lisping infant's kneeling there,
A father's blessing on us poured,
While he that made us crowns the board,

The patriots fire, that voice that breaks
Upon our slumbers, and awakes
Our country, and the tide that fills,
The freeman battling for his hills,
Her stars unfurled that drink the light,
And wave in glory o'er the fight.

The widow's sigh, the orphan's tears,
The flowerless passage of their years.
That hand unseen upon the sky
When the dark storms are passing by,
That eye that once for sorrow shed
Upon the memory of the dead.

Greece, noble Greece, true valor's sons,
Then mopylæ and Marathon,
Rome and her stately Senate halls,
Delenda est Carthago, falls,
A tyrant's terror, and the steel,
A Brutus's hands alone can wield.

These are the drops of heavenly fire,
To wake the chords and sweep the lyre;
A Saviour's love, be this my theme,
Be this the gushing mountain stream
Whence angels draw immortal song,
Forever flowing deep and strong.

The man of sin, his dreadful doom
Deep down in uncreated gloom,
The end of time the saints got home,
From the four winds nation's come
With songs of triumph, to record
The victories of their risen Lord, J. L.

THE COBBLER OF BRUSA.

A TURKISH TALE.

In the reign of Bajazet the First, there lived in Brusa (that city being then the capital of the Turkish empire) a poor cobler, whose name was Eskigi Meimet Effendi. This worthy artizan inhabited a small house, containing but one apartment, situated in the foot of Mount Olympus. The chestnut and plane trees with which the sides of that snow-capped mountain are covered, overshadowed his humble dwelling and offered a cool retreat during the sultry summer days. Numerous streams and mineral springs, reflected in their transient bosoms, the lofty scenery by which they were surrounded, and gave birth to plants and flowers of brilliant hue, and aromatic odour. The shepherd, as if fearful of disturbing the crystal surface of the waters, drives his flock to some distant summit, from which he looks down at his ease upon the prospect beneath him; and the birds, whose nests are among the neighboring trees, hardly ruffle the mirror like currents with the light dip of thier wings.

It was in the midst of scenery like this that Eskigi Meimet Effendi had fixed his habitation. The routine of his life was simple and regular. Early in the morning, he would go one or two miles into the city, and bring home all the old shoes he could collect from his customers. He would then take his bench, with his awl and lap-stone, beneath some large tree, and there work merrily at his trade. In this way, he managed daily to earn a few paras, which were barely sufficient to support himself and his family, consisting of a wife and one child. But being accustomed during the day to the beautiful sight around Mount Olympus, he could not remain content in his humble domicil at night without having a great number of lights burning in his presence. Consequently, after purchasing a few of the indispensable necessaries of life, he would spend the remainder of his small pittance in oil.

After the prayer of sunset, which the Turks call axam namas, the honest cobbler would prepare his illumination.—Then, having taken his supper, he would chat with his wife, smoke his chibouque, and thrum on his guitar, while his child danced to the sound. Sometimes he would sing to the full stretch of his lungs, according to the Turkish fashion. At the "iahi," or fith prayer, which took place two hours after sunset, he would retire to bed.

In those times the Turkish emperors, accompanied by some officer of distinction, were often in the habit of walking in disguise, sometimes by day and sometimes by knight, so that seeing with their own eyes, and hearing with their own ears, they might truly know the wants and dispositions of their subjects, and take their measures accordingly. Now it happened that Bajazet the First, in passing the domicil of Eskigi Meimet Effendi, had often been amazed with the brilliant illuminations and the very loud songs of that patriotic cobbler. Consequently, one evening the Sultan and his Vizier, having assumed the costume of dervishes, stopped before the house, in which many lights seemed to be burning, and knocked at the door. A voice from within asked, "Who is there?" The two illustrious personages of the empire replied that they were dervishes, who in the name of God desired hospitality. Eskigi Meimet Effendi answered by telling them to wait a few minutes, till he found means of concealing his wife, it being, as every one knows, contrary to the customs of the Turks, to admit a man into the presence of their wives, unless he be a near relation. The poor cobbler was puzzled how he should dispose of his better half. But being unwilling to refuse hospitality to his visiters, he thought it best to fix up the counterpane in one corner of the apartment, as a sort of screen, behind which his wife might retire. Having done this in the neatest manner he could, he opened the door to his two guests. After the "selam alekim," or usual salute of the Turks, he placed before them a piece of bread and cheese, the remnants of his scanty supper, and a bowl of pure water. Then succeeded the nargele or hubble-bubble, a pipe of serpantine form and dimensions. The Grand Seignor, after partaking lightly of the proffered civilities of his host, asked among other inquiries, the nature of his vocation. Eskigi Meimet Effendi replied fully to all his questions, adding, that his only pleasure after the labor of the day was over, was at knight to have his house brilliantly illuminated, and to talk, dance, and sing with his wife, and child, thanking the Almighty for all he had done, and was doing, and more particularly for having placed at the head of the nation so wise and great an emperor, for whose life, continued the cobbler, "my wife and myself constantly pray, and under whose reign we hope to die."

After some further conversation Eskigi Meimet Effendi retired into his harem, or, more literally speaking, behind the counterpane, and left the sofa for his two guests. At sunrise, after the sabah namas, or prayer of the morning, the Grand Seignor and his Vizier, quitted the humble abode, where they had passed the night, for the palace. On their way, Bajazet conversed on the subject of their visit, and remarked with how little a man might be happy, alluding to the example of the cobbler, who with a few paras, barely sufficient to purchase necessary food, had his illuminations, his music and dances, and believed himself the very happiest of men.

"I wish," said the Vizier, "that your Highness would issue orders forbidding all cobblers' shops from being open—and all cobblers to mend shoes until further notice, under the penalty of death. By this means we can make the experiment, whether the happiness of Eskigi Meimet Effendi depends upon circumstance, or whether he would retain his good spirits under a reverse of fortune." The Grand Seignor was pleased with the suggestion, and the tulas or public criers were immediately sent through all the streets in the city, to proclaim, that, "By order of the sublime Porte, all cobblers' shops must be closed, and no cobbler must work at his trade, until further notice.

Eskigi Meimet Effendi was in the bazar of Brusa, collecting old shoes, when he heard this proclamation. Quitting his customers, he returned home hastily to his wife, and told her the order of the day, asking, in a tone of despair, what they were to do at night for their illumination! But the good woman thought it a more proper subject of inquiry, what they were to do for bread, and believed that the prospect of starvation was worse than being without lights during the evening.

After a brief consultation with his wife, the poor cobbler concluded that the best thing he could do to obtain a little money, would be to take a basket and spade upon his shoulders, and seek employment in removing the dust from the houses and court-yards of the rich. In this occupation he succeeded beyond his hopes, making twice as much money as he could cobbling old shoes; and he returned home with more oil than usual for his illumination, together with a leg of mutton, which had been roasted in a "kiabapsi" or cook shop. After lightening up his house in quite a brilliant manner, he took supper with his family, and then as usual began to sing lustily.

The Grand Seignor, wishing to see what effect his proclamation would have upon the cobbler, that evening again assumed the disguise of a dervish, and with his Vizier appeared at the door of Eskigi Meimet Effiendi, and requested hospitality. As soon as he had taken the same precaution with his wife, that he had deemed necessary the night before, the cobbler admitted his visitors into the house. The usual salutations passed between them, and the host set before them the remaining piece of mutton and bread. On being asked the news of the day, he mentioned the proclamation of the public crier, his own new employment his increased profits, and the splendor of his illumination. The honest cobbler frankly owned that he could not exatly understand the object of the proclamation - perhaps it would soon be made known—but he conjectured that his highness, the emperor, had issued the order for some political end. Much more was said respecting the events of the day, and at a late hour, the party separated and retired to rest.

The next morning, the Grand Seignor and his Visier returned home, some what amused with their visit. They immediately caused to be proclaimed throughout the city, "That no person or persons should follow the occupation of a remover of dust, until further notice, under the penalty of death." Eskigi Meimet Effendi, who was at that moment entering the city with his basket and spade, as soon as he heard the crier proclaim this new decree, ran home very much alarmed, and with tears in his eyes, made it known to his wife exclaiming, "what shall we do for our illumination?" "Say rather, what shall we do for bread," was the reply. At last the poor man bethought himself that he would take a basket and go up to Mount Olympus to gather asparagus. The idea was a good one, and that day he made four times as much as he used to when working at his trade. He now bought thrice the usual quantity of oil, together with a number of tallow candles for his illumination. He also procured a bunch of onions, and little fresh butter and rice to make a "pillau." With these he returned home more content than a king with his sceptre.

He made, that knight, the most splendid illumination ever exhibited in his house, and not having candlesticks, he placed the candles in a row over the fire place, or fixed them into fisures in the walls. He clapped his hands with delight, when he had completed these arangements. He had hardly finished his supper and commenced his usual singing, when the two dervishes again rapped at his door. As it is the custom of the Turks to grant hospitality to strangers for three days, he thought it his duty to admit his two importunate visitors once more. Accordingly, having again arranged the counterpane so as to form a retreat for his wife, he opened the door, and his guests entered. During the conversation which now took place, Eskigi Meimet Effendi related how he had managed, by the assistance of God, to provide for his family a good supper, much of which still remained for his friends. But his chief delight was in the magnificent illumination which he had fouad means of exhibiting. He tho't that even the Sultan had never had so many lights burning in his palace; and finally, he considered it pretty evident that he was the happiest mortal alive.

The Grand Seignor was pleased, but at the same time a little piqued at the cobbler's pertinacious good humor. When arrived at his palace the next morning, he remarked to his Vizier that some other method must be adopted in order to effect their object, and that a man who was really determined to work, could always find employment. The Vizier replied that he had thought of a plan, which was to give the cobbler an office, and having detained him all day in the palace, to send him home at night without any money. The Sultan approved of the plan, and immediately ordered one of his ministers to send for Eskigi Meimet Effendi, and on his arrival to invest him with the office and dignities of high sheriff, or 'goliat buchit.' Messengers were accordingly despatched to fulfill this impartial command.

On being summoned to attend them to the palace, the astonished cobbler began to shake in his shoes, believing that he was about to be strangled or drowned in a sack on some false accusation. He kissed his child and took leave of his wife, who threw herself in wild dismay upon the sofa. As soon as he arrived at the palace, without waiting to be informed of the cause of his being brought there, he threw himself at the feet of the minister, and implored his mercy. But when the terrified suppliant was told that he had been appointed to the office of high sheriff, joy and astonishment took the place of consternation and grief. He was sent to the bath, and habited in a new and costly uniform, with a Damascus sword.

Having remained in the palace during the day, he rode home in the evening, on an Arabian horse, accompanied by a train of attendants. They left him at the door of his house, which he entered alone. He found his wife in the position in which he had seen her last, the poor woman having lost all hopes of again seeing her husband. She started up in amazement, on seeing him standing over her, habited in a rich and costly dress. He soon satisfied her with respect to his visit to the palace, and consoled her for all her apprehensions. But after he had finished the account of his adventures, he began to look melancholy, and said to his wife: "Alas! what shall we do for our nights illumination? I have no money, and we have neither oil nor candles to burn." "Nor bread to eat," added his spouse.

Eskigi Meimet Effendi sat musing for some time upon the sofa. At last, striking his hand upon his knee, he exclaimed, "I have it;" and leaving the room, he hastened to a neighboring carpenter, to whom he sold the blade of his Damascus sword for a considerable sum of money, on condition that he would make for him a blade of wood, to be fitted to the handle and delivered early in the morning. He accordingly left the sword with the carpenter, and quitted his shop with the money. The worthy high sheriff now purchased a large quantity of oil and candles, and then turned his attention towards buying a variety of food for supper. Returning home he made a most brilliant illumination, while his wife performed the office of cook.

In a short time the Sultan & his Vizier, in their customary disguise, again knocked at the door. Eskigi Meimet Effendi hesitated some time about admitting them. He considered that he was now a high officer of the empire and a man of rank, and ought not to receive persons of low degree into his house. But they renewed their entreaties so pressingly, that he consented to grant them hospitality for the last time. On entering they expressed their astonishment at his new dress, and asked him how he had come by it. His reply was, that the distribution of thrones, and the shadow of God upon earth, his majesty, the Sultan, had raised him to the high office of sheriff; and thereupon he described to them his several adventures during the day. He begged them never again to take the liberty of knocking at his door, as he was no longer a cobler, neither a remover of dust, nor a gatherer of asparagus, but an officer of the empire, and that he must be treated accordingly. In the midst of his boasting, the Grand Seignor inquired how he had managed, without money, to still keep up his illuminations—and the ex-cobler, notwithstanding his lofty pretentions and his determination to stand upon his dignity, could not forbear telling them how he had contrived to raise money, by selling the blade of the Damascus sword. The Grand Seignor laughed heartily at the circumstance, and they soon after separated for the night.

The Sultan and his Vizier reached the palace at an early hour the next morning. The "mollah," or chief judge was immediately ordered into the imperial presence, and asked if there was any person to be executed that day. It was ascertained that there was one individual who was waiting the punishment of death, in consequence of having indulged in some strictures upon the government. The Grand Seignor intimated his will that the new high sheriff should make his maiden attempt at decapitation on the head of the prisoner. Preparations for the execution were accordingly made in a large square near the palace. A vast multitude assembled to witness the spectacle.

The sentence of death was read in the presence of the people, who, on tiptoe awaited the result. The high sheriff was ordered to come forward and do his duty. That respectable officer approached the trembling victim and ordered him to kneel and lay his head upon the block. Then grasping the hilt of his sword, he uttered the following prayer in the hearing of the crowd round the platform: "O thou, who art above all human wisdom and all human judgement, if the poor victim, whose head I am ordered to sever from his body, be innocent, turn, I pray thee, the steel of my sword into wood, so that I may commit no injustice!"

He immediately unsheathed his blade, and, to the expressible amazement of the spectators, it was indeed turned into wood! The people shouted with one acclaim, "a miracle!" They looked with awe and admiration upon the man, whose faith, they believed had brought it to pass. The prisoner was rescued amid cheers and congratulations. The high sheriff was borne along upon the shoulders of the multitude into the imperial presence.

As soon as that exemplary executioner laid his eyes upon his sovereign, he recognized him as one of the dervishers, who had so often visited his house of late. He immediately began to tremble violently, and fear rendered him speechless, for he knew that the Grand Seignor was well aware of the process by which this blade had been changed from steel into wood. But the Sultan re-assured him, and ordering him to approach nearer, he signified to him his promotion to the office of aga, or governor of a small village near the capital, with a salary of five hundred Turkish piastres.

It is superfluous to describe the satisfaction and delight of Eskigi Meimet Effendi, at his new accession to fortune. He prostrated himself before the distributor of thrones, kissing his feet, and exhibiting every mark of the most lively gratitude. On his return home, he cut so many capers and sung so vociferously, that his wife began to suspect that his intellect was unhinged. But she finally succeeded in obtaining from him an account of his good fortune. He explained to her his intentions with respect to his future illuminations, which must have been rarely surpassed in splendor.

In a few days he departed with his family for the seat of government. If tradition may be trusted, he ruled wisely and well, equalling, doubtless, in honesty and accuteness even the renowned Sancho Panza.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE DEVOTED.

On a late excursion in the South-western part of the city, I took a stroll through Ranaldson's Cemetry. It is all but summer here; already this beautiful spot is taking upon itself the green garbure of spring, and the sky, with unclouded blue, encanopies all. There is a stirring of hope and buoyancy of feeling awakened by the contemplation of reviving nature. The breast feels lighter, and even to the mourner a pleasant but melancholy smile is called, on seeing the beautiful decorations that cover the ashes of their friends. The changing seasons shadow forth the mystery of existence, and is a symbol of man's bright destiny; for when he sees the living principle springing out of seeming corruption, and the energy of vitality active in the midst of decay, and life rising as it were, out of death, he recognises more clearly the promise of his own eternity.

My attention in walking through this beautiful place, was attracted to a monument, almost surrounded with bushes of roses and honeysuckle, with the inscription of CHARLES in capital letters, enclosed within a bouquet of roses. The monument is of the finest Italian marble, sculptured in that charming land of song, surmounted with an urn, on which was a wreath of flowers, so beautifully chiselled, that they seemed redolent with perfume, and breathing of life, and whose language denoted undying love and affection.

Charles was a young man of this city, the hand of nature had lavished upon him her choicest gifts, rich in mental endowments, and all that is ennobling in man. He saw the beautiful and admired Cecilia, who, from her hours of prattling infancy, had been the joy, the solace and the pride of her idolizing parents. In child hood, when her innocent tongue had lisped her father's name, when she had clambered up to his knee, and with the sweet infantile endearments which find their way at once to the heart, had wound her little arms about his neck, had placed her hand within his own, and run over the lines which labor and age had impressed upon them, when the soft velvet of her cheek reposed upon the rougher one of her father, and would gaze in fondness upon her, and, smiling, bless his darling child. As she grew up, the darling infant became a lovely girl, with her deep, large, lustrous black eyes, and cheek, with its delicate tint, resembling the leaf of a newly-blown rose, with long and silken tresses of jet-black hair, that wonted over her finely rounded shoulders, descending to a waist whose delicate symmetry was perfection itself. Her eye, which had returned her parent's look of affection with childish simplicity, now glistened with the beamings of filial love.

Cecilia had attained the age of eighteen, fresh and as lovely as her own rose-buds; innocent as fair, she breathed no wish, knew no desire, that did not centre in her home. Charles was fortunate—his love was returned;—they loved each other ardently and purely; their whole feelings were employed to give utterance to the sweet truth that they loved each other.—Oh! the happiness, the pleasure of being beloved!—how the pulse quickens, and the mind seems unladen from the vexatious cares of business and the bustle of life! The animal frame seems strengthened, and we picture life through "Hope's wizard telescope" in all the brilliant colours of the rainbow, and which too often prove quite as evanescent. Time travelled on—they were revelling in bliss, pure and holy; their hearts grew insensibly together.

But a change, dark and fearful, came over this fair scene. Charles, in a visit to the country, was suddenly overtaken by a storm, and was drenched by its torrents. The next day found him on a sick bed; a disease of the lungs was the consequence of his termerity. The disorder baffled all the endeavours that were made to stay or alleviate its progress.

Oh! who can paint the torture of mind of that young and lovely girl, waiting day and night by the couch of her sick friend? Who like her, to be around his bed, to smooth and adjust his pillow, to place his cordials and adjust his medicines? Who like her, to watch, look and sigh over him so sweet a blessing? It is in affliction that we see some of the most beautiful traits in the character of women;—their perseverance and attention to anticipate the slightest supposed wish or want of the sufferer; flitting round the room with noiseless tread, and carefully preparing every thing that can administer to his comfort; excluding every thing that may disturb his feverish repose. Seated by the bed-side of the sick, you see her remain through all the watches of the live-long night, gently drawing the curtains, to gaze on the countenance she loves, or to meet the feeble gleams of fondness which shone in eyes that were dimmed with disease; embracing every opportunity, by kind and cheerful conversation, to distract the attention of the sufferer from his manifold and numerous ills, and by uniform kindness and instant attention to the innocent caprices of the sick, alleviating their sufferings. It is here that woman displays not her weakness, but her strength of attachment which man can never, in its full intensity, realize; it is dependent on no climate, no change; it is alike in storm or sunshine—it knows no change.

When we see the aged and friendless laboring under disease, and death releases them from their sufferings, it is not so revolting to our feelings; but oh! when youth, beauty and vigour, surrounded by all that wealth can command, are summoned,—when grim death is playing on their vitals, breaking in upon the happiness of a cheerful friend, sending burning fever to the blood, and torturing the mind to madness, then, then is death felt and seen in all its horrors.

A few short months, and Cecilia's dream of happiness was over;—he for whom she lived died. What sufferings would she not have endured to have protracted his life? Cecilia lived on, a broken lily; wept over by her friends, she breathed not a word of sorrow or complaint, nor uttered a single lamentation; but requested her friends to bury her in the same grave with him she had so dearly beloved, and that a monument, with the inscription of "Charles" (how simple and expressive!) upon it, should be procured and placed over their grave. The glimmering of the vital flame less and less distinct, a kind Providence in mercy extinguished the light, and threw over Cecilia, her virtues and her devotion the sacred covering of the tomb.

Those whom fate had severed while living, were joined by death. C. M. W.

From the Grand Gulf (Miss.) Adv,

HARD TIMES! HARD TIMES!

Every body is crying out "hard times" the man with his thousands, and the man with his shilling. Even the mendicant, who was never known to have a dollar in his life, takes advantage of the occasion, and cries 'hard times' with as much gravity as if he were president of Nick Biddle's bank. By the way, Biddle is very silent of late; while the balance of the world are in distress, he is reaping a harvest of high per cents. Every man has his own reason for this state of affairs.—Curse the Treasury Circular, says the Whig—down with monopolies, says the Democrat—d—n General Jackson, says one—out upon ths specie currency, says another: Tom Benton should be hung, shouts a fourth; what is this world coming to, says a fifth—why, says the balance, 'hard times, hard times.' We have already arrived at that point, cries a wag—the d—l himself could not put the screws to us tighter than they are. It is amusing to watch the current of reasoning on this subject; but as every body is at liberty, to give their opinions in this free country, no harm is done, and unless we be considered aristocratic, we shall give our opinion too—so hit or miss, here goes.

In the 1st place, a discovery has been made, heretofore unknown to political economists, to wit: that a living is to be obtained and a fortune made without labor. And how is this to be done? Why, says the alchymist, by speculation. Borrow money at 6, 7, 8, and 10 per cent. invest it in public lands, and before your notes become due for the money borrowed, sell your land for double its original cost, pay up your note in bank, and pocket the one hundred per cent. Who made this discovery, or at precisely what time it was made known, we cannot say; but it has been received and acted upon as a standard axiom for the last fifteen or twenty years. This discovery had not been public long, when it was further discovered that money was hard to be borrowed, and accommodations of that kind could not be obtained by all that made application. What was to be done. More banks must be had; more banks must be had; more money lenders incorporated. The wheel of fortune was accordingly set in motion—petition after petition thronged the legislature of every State, praying for more banks. Every little village and town must have its bank, and the large cities a score, and mammoth ones at that. The banks were accordingly chartered, stock taken up, bills engraved and put to

Western Courier.

VOL. XIII. No. 2. RAVENNA, (OHIO,) THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1837. WHOLE No. 626.